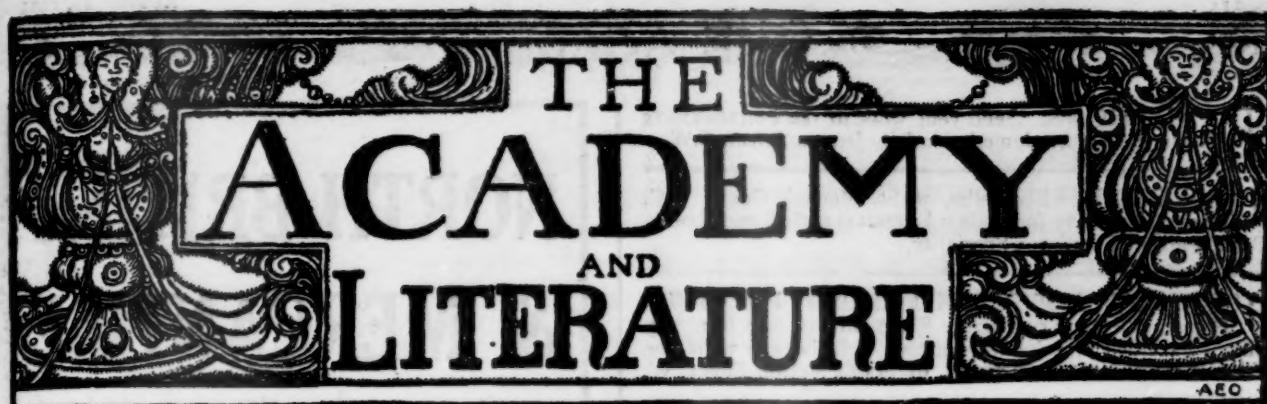


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GRAFT.

He bids you take your Country's part;
Mark him, the Danger and the Curse,
With one hand on his lying heart,
And one hand in the public purse.

He glows with pride to see you drill,
He loves to hear the martial clang;
He knows that though you learn to kill
They never teach you whom to hang.

He is the venom in the Hurt,
He is the treachery in the Cup,
Go, hale him from his natural dirt
And beautifully string him up.

T. W. H. C.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

THE great Lord Harmsworth continues to thrust conscription down the throat of the public whom he despises. The whole of his newspapers are roaring for this iniquity like hyenas in a cheap menagerie. And his lordship's henchmen to a henchman have to bring in compulsion somehow, even though they be writing about the fixed stars. We shall see.

If the doctrine so sedulously and frantically preached by the Harmsworth hot-gospellers came from any other quarter, it might be dangerous *qua*

doctrine. But coming from Carmelite House, it has, of course, neither force nor consequence *qua* doctrine. On the other hand, there are not wanting signs that it is rousing in the unthinking and the foolish a most dangerous attitude of mind. The men now at the front or enrolled in the armies are all volunteers, and stand where they are of their own free will. In the main they are content. They had the Englishman's right to judge for themselves before they enlisted, and they judged for themselves. Yet the Harmsworth press never misses an opportunity of suggesting that they are being unfairly treated, and goes the length of printing letters from shrieking persons who say that because they have sons or other relatives at the front they "demand" in fairness that other people's sons or relatives should be compelled at once to join the army "in common fairness." This is the old, old fallacy, very human and very pretty, but nevertheless not to be admitted for truth. If the present war is not a war against tyranny, we had better lay down our arms and become the bond-slaves of the Huns. But the bare fact that we are fighting against tyranny abroad will not justify us in setting up the Harmsworth tyranny at home. It has been said that strikers and shirkers are playing the game of the Germans. Boiled down to the fact, all conscriptionists of whatsoever shape or quality are playing the game of the people with money and the other people who desire to cheat the labourer out of his proper penny. The brazen effrontery of snug and comfortable persons who write to the Harmsworth papers and coolly point out that a married soldier should be kept at home because the single soldier is cheaper, and consequently comes as a less drag on the fat pocket, is a sight for gods and little fishes. It is an ancient principle of Dives to pay nobody if you can help it, and least of all to pay the man who fights and dies for you.

Mr. Henry James has been holding forth on "The Mind of England at War," in the *New York Sun*, and he does it exactly as we might expect Mr. Henry James to do it. Here is his first "paragraph":—

Great public convulsions are an upheaval of many things, and are only too apt to destroy more treasure than they collect, to agitate, even fatally to deform, more questions than they settle; so that among the elements let loose and the bewilderments multiplied confusion overtakes inward values no less than outward, matters of knowledge and experience, appreciation, conviction, faith,

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as one has held them and as one has more or less comfortably lived by so doing.

And here is a bit more:—

The difference made, however, meanwhile, by our having to face them as comparative strangers, to introduce ourselves to them afresh and then introduce them afresh to others, dealing with them on new terms and picking them over as people are sometimes figured to pick over their visiting lists with a rise in the world; this difference is perhaps like nothing so much as the obligation, under some strange and violent law, to perform in public and the garish light of day those rites of the toilet or whatever, those common preparations of personal state and appearance, which usually go on behind our most closed doors.

Really, really, if the *Mind of England at War* or at Peace is anything like that, we are doomed. Why cannot Mr. Henry James send round to Mr. Bart Kennedy and borrow a few full-stops?

And while we are dealing with the *New York Sun* we note that a representative of that journal, who describes himself as an "American book reviewer," has been interviewing some "London literary celebrities." We will not mention the names of these gentlemen, lest we be accused of advertising them, but we append some delicate cuttings from the American book reviewer's observations:—

Mr. —, says the American book reviewer, apologised for being as he put it, "excessively talkative." This was occasioned, he said, by "worry and fatigue." I declined to stay for tea, as I noticed a chugging car awaiting me in front of the house. "You must come to see me again," said the grand young man of England. The last I saw of him he was rolling through his garden, tossing his mane; the famous garden that rose up and hit him, you remember, at the time of his unfortunate fall.

Again,

Fine time I had with young —. Those English certainly have the drop on us in the matter of clubs. They live about in the haunts beloved of Thackeray, and everybody else you ever heard of. Pleasant place, the Garrick. Something like our Players, but better. Slick collection of old portraits. Fine bust there of Will Shakespeare, found bottled up in some old passage.

Fashionable young man, —. I can't remember exactly whether or not he had on all these things; but he's the sort that, if he had on nothing, would look as if he had: silk topper, spats, buttonhole bouquet. Asked me if I had yet been to Ascot. "Oh, you must go to Ascot." Buys his cigarettes, in that English way, in bulk, not by the box. "Stuff some in your pocket," he said. "Won't you have a whiskey and soda?"

Difficult person to talk with, as the only English he knows is the King's English. I was endeavouring to ex-

plain that I had left New York rather suddenly. "I just beat it, you know," I said.

"You beat it?" said Mr. —.

"Yes, I just up and skidooed."

"You skidooed?"

I saw that I should have to talk like John Milton. "Sure," I said, "I left without much preparation." And then we spoke of some writer I do not care for. "I don't get him," I said.

"You don't get him?" inquired Mr. —.

"No," I said, "I can't see him at all."

"You can't see him?" queried Mr. —.

More Milton, I perceived. "I quite fail," I said, "to appreciate the gentleman's writings." Mr. — got that.

We are beginning to think that the Americans do, in fact, "lick creation"; or, in plain terms, they "get us every time."

The *Athenæum's* notes on new books are doubtless interesting to the bookseller, but some of them have a deadly dulness about them which might appal even a bishop. Under the head of "Poetry," for example, the *Athenæum's* young gentleman gives us the following:—

Dodge (Walter Phelps), *The Purple Iris*, 1/- net. Long. A booklet of fourteen short poems, some old, some new.

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A booklet of verses expressing a father's pride in a son who has enlisted.

Which last notice reminds us of the reviewer who said of "In Memoriam," which, of course, was originally published anonymously, "these verses evidently come straight from the full heart of an officer's widow." The *Athenæum* might contrive to brisken up somewhat, even though it is war-time.

The *New Age* poet, P. Selver, has evidently benefited by our recent reproof of his naughtiness. In the current issue of Mr. Orage's organ, P. Selver has a further metrical outburst, which at great length he calls "Sardonic Meditations Occasioned by a Perusal of Divers Inflammatory Prints." And this is as sardonic as P. Selver now finds it desirable to be:—

"Lo, caitiff clerks and errand boys still don
The sheeny necktie and the patent shoe.
They, as of yore, put fancy waistcoats on,
And seek to find them flappers whom to woo."

The bedraggled wing of P. Selver is evidently clipped.

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Here is a delicate touch from the *Saturday*. In reviewing a book entitled "Through a Dartmoor Window," by a Miss Beatrice Chase, the old lady of King Street, Covent Garden, makes observation as follows:—

Amongst living exponents of the personal style Mr. Hilaire Belloc stands high. His work is "unencumbered" with personality. A chapter in "Through a Dartmoor Window" provokes remembrance of his essay "On Mails," in which the objective, after an initial paragraph, vanishes away, to be replaced with other beauty. "Little pen," he then reproaches, "little fountain pen, little vagulous, blandulous pen, companion and friend, whither have you led me, and why cannot you learn the plodding of your trade?"

Such a dragging in of Mr. Belloc for his own obvious good will probably please Mr. Belloc, but it is a trifle hard on Miss Beatrice Chase, for if this lady can write more fatuous stuff than "little fountain pen, little vagulous, blandulous pen, companion and friend, whither have you led me?" he must be in nearly as bad a literary way as the *Saturday*.

Another organ of light and learning commonly called *Tit-Bits* has discovered "one of the most popular war songs ever published." First verse and chorus:—

There is a girl who waits at home,
Who's full of charm and grace,
Though her heart is saddened—yet
She keeps a smiling face.
Ask her whom she's thinking of
All the livelong day—
With a smile that lights her face
She will softly say—

REFRAIN.

"Laddie in Khaki,
I'm waiting for you,
I want you to know
That my heart beats true;
I'm longing and praying
And living for you,
So come back, little Laddie in Khaki!"

We can now understand why it comes to pass that the *Saturday* has been so short of poetry lately.

We gather from a contemporary that Time is bringing its revenges, and that at the moment the outlook in the "Revue World" is "drab." This will doubtless be most discouraging news to Sir James Barrie, of "Rosy Rapture" fame. Coming as he does of Quaker stock, however, Mr. E. V. Lucas

of the Hippodrome won't mind. For our own part, the drabber the revue outlook becomes, the better we shall be pleased. What was left of the appreciation of comedy in England has been killed by the revue, and if the mentality of the country is to be saved from the gutter, the revue will have to go. This business of arranging entertainment for the silliest minds may be profitable, but that it should last for ever is unthinkable.

BRITISH INFLUENCES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

It has been chiefly through four great writers that Britain has exerted influence on the literatures of the European Continent. These four are Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Byron. Other influences, such as that of Macpherson's "Ossian," Gray's "Elegy," Thomson's "Seasons," have been powerful for a time but less permanent. Shakespeare, naturally, takes first place; of the others Byron has probably done most in poetry, Scott in fiction. It may be interesting to trace, as fully as can be done in a short article, what the influence of Britain has meant to Russia, whose own literature has taken so high a place for its vitality and fascination. Something like Anglophilism can be discovered in Russia as early as the days of Ivan the Terrible, the half-mad despot for whom we feel a certain regard because of his own affection for England. He made a treaty with Queen Elizabeth after the English had discovered the route to Archangel; he had also some thoughts of an English matrimonial alliance, and sometimes nursed a dream of retiring permanently to this country. Later, about the year 1730, we find the poet Kantemir, diplomatist and literary dilettante, established as Resident in London, but the literary influences under which he worked seem to have been chiefly classical and French. Forty years later Princess Dachkov came over, making a prolonged stay in Scotland, where she became acquainted with Robertson, Dr. Blair, and Adam Smith. A greater development of British influence began in the time of Alexander I., who allowed the British Bible Society to establish itself in Russia, and who was attracted by English schools of the Lancaster type. Both in political economy and in education, the Russians of this date surrendered themselves freely to English models, while at the same time the genius of Scott and Byron found a ready welcome, and brought new ideals to a literature that had hitherto been somewhat formless and incoherent. It was earlier than this date that Karamzine, almost the first Russian writer whom we can class as a modern, fell so largely under British influence

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that he translated Thomson's "Seasons," Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" (from a French version) and tried to write Russian history on the lines of Robertson. In his novels we find the influence of Richardson and Sterne. He was a man of liberal ideas, of genuine patriotic and humanitarian fervour, with a sentimental love of nature; and though his work never became of European importance, it was considerably useful and effective in his own land, as pointing towards something better than he was himself able to accomplish. The poet Joukovski, though less gifted, perhaps did even more in introducing English authors to his countrymen; he gave them translations from Dryden, and imitations of Gray's "Elegy" and "Bard"; he was an interpreter and educator, and did good work in bringing to his readers the romanticism of the early nineteenth century, although the true spirit of romanticism had been in Russia long before. We revere him for his tenderness to the soldier-poet Batiouchkov, who himself paid a visit to England, and whose days ended in complete mental darkness. But we do not touch the really great things of Russian literature until we come to Pouchkine, born in 1799, who carried the influence of Byron to the Caucasus, but who was too entirely Russian to be successfully Byronic. There was something like madness in the character of Pouchkine, and we must attribute greater excesses to him than our English poet ever committed, as also a greater depth of obscenity and licentious freethinking. We have to remember that the Russian's conditions were far less kindly than those of the poet who so affected him; his exile was no voluntary retirement, his spirit was outraged by actual physical punishment; what might Byron have become had he been knouted, as it is said that Pouchkine was? *Eugène Oniégui*, which its author specially claimed as written in the style of Don Juan, was less Byronic than he imagined—Pouchkine was too utterly an egoist to become a mere imitator; still, the influence is quite recognisable, as also that of Shakespeare in *Boris Godounov*. Other influences under which Pouchkine came were those of Shelley, Bulwer-Lytton, and Coleridge, to say nothing of the French and German writers who profoundly affected him. Perhaps it must be confessed that the Russian, in spite of much powerful poetry and some admirable prose, never quite realised himself, never quite expressed his soul in individual utterance. His life was short, and it passed in storm and stress from which he never wholly emerged; with some real kinship to the nature of Byron, there was little kinship of circumstance, and Pouchkine remained strikingly Russian as well as somewhat chaotic. We must look elsewhere for the finest development of the Slav character; in Pouchkine the elements of the melting-pot are too confused for entire success. Baratinski was

another of the Byronics of this date, but Griboidov Griboïédov owed more to Shakespeare and to Molière. We reach greatness again when we come to Lermontov, a Russian of Scottish descent, whose Byronism, as with Pouchkine, was to some extent a misfortune, as it hindered the full utterance of the Slavic note. Lermontov was a cynic, and in some sense a woman-hater; he is said to have courted women with the special intention of jilting them; he also seems to have been heartily detested by men companions. It is not an amiable picture. In his *Demon* we find both Byron and De Vigny, a curious pair to meet together in one poem. Like Pouchkine, Lermontov was banished more than once; like Pouchkine also, he died in a duel. Though equally susceptible of outside influence, his genius was probably the greater; Brandes certainly claims this for him. His *Hero of Our Own Times* has been considered an autobiography; it is clearly much coloured by his own experiences and impregnated with his own nature, yet we cannot safely style it an authentic memoir. It is fiction infused with autobiographic revelations.

Even when we come to Gogol, one of the most intensely Slavic of Russian writers, we find a powerful English influence; this time it is Dickens, not Byron—the Dickens of popular causes, social wrongs, humanitarian satire. But Gogol was a Slavophil, in some degree a reactionary, and a pietist. His *Dead Souls* is thoroughly Russian: "How dismal a place our Russia is!" exclaimed Pouchkine when he read it. It almost seems that his pietism killed him, in his forty-fourth year; but his lack of balance might easily have taken a form equally perilous and more degrading. Undoubtedly he was a man of distinct genius, but so intensely national that his artistic impulses lacked much that they might have gained by a fuller reception of outward influence. After Gogol we find Ostrovski attempting Shakespearian drama, with only slight success. But we must pass on, and as we advance we find foreign influences rather diminishing than increasing; the Russian soul began to find itself, to discover its own individuality in utterance as well as in sentiment. Byronism has spent itself; Walter Scott's influence is chiefly limited to the historical novel; Shakespeare affects idea rather than method. It is entirely natural that a ripening literature should cease to be obviously imitative. There must still be the intense influences of genius on genius, but the external traces become less; a country that has already had great writers of its own does not slavishly follow foreign models or mould its expression after foreign ideas. A quite desirable spirit of independence and a freer play of nationality must come with literary development; and though the time-spirit may bring a fundamental unity of purpose, a kinship of inspiration,

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no strong racial literature can remain a mere mirror or an echo. In Tourguéniev, a more finished artist than any yet mentioned, we may perhaps meet a less perfect reflection of Slavism than in some others, because he became in part a Frenchman; but Tolstoi and Dostoievski were so thoroughly Russian that it seems absurd to speak of any outside influence, British or other, in their writings. But British influence by no means died out in Russia during these later years. We find the brilliant Herzen strongly desiring a political union with England; he spoke of England as a "country without centralisation, without a bureaucracy, with prefectures, without gendarmes, without revolution, and without reaction." That was over fifty years since. Herzen lived in London, where he made a social impression, and established a press for the publication of Russian Books. Another writer, Sergius Akassakov, was sometimes styled the Walter Scott of Russia; such terms are usually absurd and are seldom complimentary. Dostoievski, like Gogol, owed something to Dickens, but more to Victor Hugo; in his truly great work, however, he is powerfully individualistic, rising clear from all external influence. Dickens again reappears with Tolstoi; he has recorded the fact that *David Copperfield* was one of the books that affected him most profoundly, and it is certain that he thus singled out the only one of Dickens' books which is almost entirely good. But Tolstoi is too huge for us to lay any stress on outward influences; he struck an individual note from the first, and ultimately relied on his own impulses too entirely to be a perfect artist. He also loved too wide a canvas; life is too short for books like *War and Peace*. The greatest authors should lure us to frequent re-reading; how can one find time to re-read this gigantic novel? We may congratulate Russia to-day that, while open to all literary tendencies and suggestions from without, she has absolutely freed herself from leading-strings; we can no longer point to her great writers and say: Here is Byron, here is Scott, or here is Dickens. From being the influenced, she has become an influence. She has the possession of her own Slav nature, which is something quite distinct from the English or French or German nature, and which can only be reproduced here with any success by such a writer as Mr. Conrad, who is himself a Slav. It is pleasant to discover, by a hasty examination of Russian literary annals, that there have been many ties between our countries even in days when they were politically alien if not unfriendly. The authors of a nation are like an advance-guard, pioneers of friendship and intimacy, who accustom other lands to ideas and peoples otherwise remote; and a British stranger at Moscow or Petrograd must feel less an outsider from the fact that the writers whom he loves have preceded

him, that the way to intercourse has been opened by Shakespeare and Scott, by Sterne or Byron or the Victorian novelists. In like manner Russia may feel that she has gained our hearts and sympathies, before any political or military alliance existed, by the great things she has given in her Lermontov and Tolstoi and Dostoievski. This is the noblest form of conquest; if nations will be content with this glorious form of annexation, the winning of our hearts, the mere idea of war would be detested as it should be and mutual slaughter would become obsolete as a hideous crime. Russia may be near to us by reason of a single ideal actuating us, but she was dear to us before—not because we have been blind to her faults, but because we have learned her innermost ideals from these great voices that have spoken for her. It is not for us to cast stones at her shortcomings, but we can heartily recognise her innate virtues and nobility.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Next week Mr. John Lane will publish a new work by Pierre Mille, entitled *Barnavaux*, at 3s. 6d. net, translated by Miss B. Drillien, and with eight illustrations, in colour, by Helen McKie. The title reminds us of a French work in prose and rhyme called, we think, *Barnapoot*, which we came across before the war, and thought extremely good. Translations from the French lack, as a rule, the grace and charm of style of the original, but the humour and originality of *Barnapoot* should appeal to English readers. We present Mr. Lane with the hint.

Mr. Lane announces also a new and cheaper edition, at 1s. net, of *The Glory of Clementina Wing*, by W. J. Locke, and the *Life and Letters of John Henniker Heaton*, by his daughter, Mrs. Adrien Porter, which will be published during the autumn.

Dr. Edwin A. Abbott has written a treatise on *Christ's Miracles of Feeding* for the *Miscellanea Evangelica* (ii.), issued by the Cambridge University Press. It will be published shortly, and will form subsequently a chapter in a volume of *Diatesarica* to be entitled *The Law of the New Kingdom*.

Messrs. Harrap are adding three new volumes this month to their *Heroes of All Time* series—*Oliver Cromwell*, by Estelle Ross; *William the Conqueror*, by René Francis; and *Sir Walter Scott*, by Amy Cruse.

No. 2 of the *Gypsy*, the new literary and artistic quarterly, is in the press, and will be ready shortly. The Pomegranate Press announces yet another quarterly, *The Music Cover*, the first number of which will appear in September.



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CARBER'S CRUISE.

AN IRONIC RHYME.

VI. (CONTINUED.)

Carber was sleeping when we left him last;

At noon he woke, at one he had his dinner,
At half-past one—I think it was half-past—

He settled down to Darwin, to begin a
Further chapter; later on, at six
He had an argument on politics

With Billy Bates the bo'sun, and the mate,
Whose name was Sandy Mackie—he was Scotch—
And afterwards (to be precise, at eight)
He went up forrad and resumed his watch.
This is prosaic stuff, but, *entre nous*,
They like it on *The Saturday Review*.

So I'll not cut it out—the editor
Will quote it, I am certain, and forgive
My little pleasantry, and take me for
A master in the art of narrative.
Hurray, hurray, and once again hurray!
I shall be quoted in *The Saturday*.

And if I mention many more Reviews,
What fluttering in the dovecotes! I shall be
Invited to contribute, and refuse!
A change, you know, from their refusing me.
But heaven bless them all! we authors need them,
Though—heaven be praised!—we're not obliged to
read them.

The fact comes down upon the occiput
Like to a hammer when I ponder that
The world is lighter than a feather, but
The spirit of our journals—oh, my hat!
The spirit of our journals!—what a theme
To shatter faith and end a poet's dream!

I've had my dreams like other men, and one
Was of the perfect journal—let it roll
The passing tear!—but none of them, ah none
Has ever happened to the blosmy whole
Of Flowerhood, and tiring now of these
I go adventuring in fantastic seas.

(1) Mrs. and Mr. Webb: *Fabians* (whatever that may mean), *Socialists and Reformers*, i.e., people who reform before forming. An amiable, bunny-like couple they refused, perversely enough, good red carrots and pamphleteered upon the nutritive value of statistics. Lethal-chambered, and afterwards hanged, drawn and halved in 1920, by an infuriated populace, for State-worship.

Charles Pinner: *Curiosities of Reform*, 1916.

If Beatrice and Sydney
Waxed lyrical of love,
Not even Stewart Headlam
Could keep them out of Bedlam,

I like, for instance, to imagine what

The Webbs¹ would do with men like Casanova!
(What he would do with them I'm sure is not

A subject anyone need linger over.)

And then, again, I think of Queen Victoria
Perusing Mr. Swinburne's *Anactoria*.

Such are the means whereby from being racked
By dreams of things impossible I shove
My little barrow through this life, in fact
I could be happy wholly but for Love.
But once again I bow, although I grin;
Let those rebel who will—I've given in.

VII.

Life in the fishing fleet is not so dull

As some might think it is; I'm not prepared
To say that hunting herrings is as full

Of wild excitement as the sport that's shared
By rajahs shooting tigers left and right,
And poets when they see them "burning bright."

But, none the less, the mariners whose lot
Is cast upon the seas that we may eat
Soft roes on toast (I like to have them hot)—

The mariners, I say, can yet defeat
Monotony in many ways—unaided
By our advantages they're yet not jaded.

Nap is a game no mariner eschews,
Its speculative charm he can't resist;
The rumour runs, again, that there are crews
Whose wider fancies turn to Solo Whist:—
Games that, of course, to play at which would hurt
The subtler feelings of the Bridge expert.

But, subtle feelings—Lord, what are they worth!
We cultivate them till we grow perverse,—
Though not a moral mandarin on earth
Could satisfy me Wordsworth isn't worse
Than Abercrombie,² even, when his strain
In trying to be simple ends inane.

When Carber took the watch again at eight,
Sneering, he left some members of the crew
Engaged at Nap, and one of them—the mate—

Remarked, "Och hie, what's oop wi' him the noo?
The laddy's daft," and someone answered, "It's
The readin's played the devil with his wits."

For two of such a kidney
Would petrify the Dove!
If Beatrice and Sydney
Waxed lyrical of love.

—Squib of the Period.

(2) "Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night."

—Blake.

(3) Next, Abercrombie, that great god of rhyme,
Wench in the Muses' kitchen of his time.

—Dalhousie.

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Another said, again, reflectively,

"Yus, pore old Carber's got it fore an' aft;
It seems as 'ow you're right; there ought to be
A hact to stop blokes readin' till they're daft;
An' don't 'e like 'is book"—some other chap
Stopped all discussion then by going Nap.

Behind a chair, intent upon the game,

Stood Jim, the ship's boy, open-mouthed, alert,
But when the mate had mentioned Carber's name,
His ears were open and his mouth inert.
You figure him, as Mr. Wells would say,
No longer interested in the play.

"What's in a name!" cried one, who, loving, saw
No meaning save in that of Juliet.

What's in a name? Why, those we deem of straw
Have substance when beneath the straw we get.
What's in a word, a phrase? Why, everything,
When it impinges on some ego-string.

Connect, then, by the processes of mind,
The name of Carber with the heart of James;
Add "don't 'e like 'is book," and lo! we find

A brain at work, we see it! though it shames
Kind folk when nude, intangible, but true,
The hidden springs of action thus they view.

Upon the shelf, inviting evil eyes,

Reposed *The Origin of Species*—yes,
A cheap edition rightly you surmise,
And issued by the Rationalist Press:
A firm that having found no use for God,
Has pinned its faith to Mr. Edward Clodd.⁴

Jim waited till an interesting call

Absorbed the party, then a stealthy movement
Found him adjoining that encyclical
Which has not added to the world's improvement,
Though in the past it did so much to shock it . . .
Jim furtively transferred it to his pocket.

How many imps, I wonder, danced in Hades,

How many angels wiped away a tear,
When, by the devil tempted, Jim had made his
Exit from virtue's balmy atmosphere?

(4) Said Meredith to Clodd:

"There isn't any God!"

Said Clodd to Meredith:

"I'm-certain he's a myth."

So God, with great good humour

Proclaimed himself a rumour.

The moral's obvious:

There isn't any Us.

—What the Box Hill bunnies heard:

A Book of Reminiscences. Anonymous; 1916.

Reader, I do not know; my errant rhyme
Merely records the progress of his crime.

Out from the cabin when the game had ended,
Back to their duties went the card players,
Nor dreamed that with them one the stairs ascended,
A budding criminal; it is not theirs
To dream or eat the Tennysonian lotus:
They have to keep a sharp look out for bloaters.

The man deputed for the duty takes
A telescope and scans the neighbouring seas,
And, if experienced, makes few mistakes,
The signs and portents being chiefly these:
Where sea gulls dip and phosphorescence glows
He knows about it all, he knows, he knows

Bloaters are in the offing, and forthwith
All hands are piped on deck, out go the nets,
And that is how the needs of Mrs. Smith
Are met at breakfast time; ah, how it whets
The appetite to think of it! the call
Of bloaters always makes me lyrical.

I do not find life's pleasures few who wake
To tuneful chatter undeneath the eaves,
And rise—well, somewhat later on—to take
That fragrant morning pipe, and turn the leaves
Of song or goodly prose, or better yet,
In dreaming wonder all my cares forget.

But be it books or dreams that take me wholly,
One joy supreme remains when unawares,
A goodly, righteous, and exceedingly holy
Odour arises, floating up the stairs.
"Bloaters to-day," I think, "O worthy woman!"
(Meaning the cook) and, waiting, envy no man.

Life's what each thinks it is, but, truly, if
Philosophers in council would agree
To think of that delicious smell we sniff
When bloaters are a-frizzling, there would be
No pessimists surviving such a test,
And Gilbert Chesterton could take a rest.

Ah, Gilbert, Gilbert, could we but entwine
Our dreams and make this sorry England whole,
What royal feasts, what fountains running wine,
Would mark that great deliverance of soul!
But peace, be still, my dreams, what are you at!
England! you're damned, and badly damned at that.

(To be continued.)

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THE GATES OF THE SEA.

Passing through Fenchurch Street, I stopped to look at the photographs of British men-of-war in the windows of a well-known nautical instrument maker. To an old-fashioned sailor's eye they were savagely ugly. Their gigantic superstructures gave them a formidable and fantastic look, reminding me of those drawings of Piranesi, where men seem like flies crawling among huge and terrible engines in halls of Babylonian immensity. And then, with that sudden flash of inward vision in which scenes familiar in childhood and ever since forgotten appear distinctly as if seen through a window, I was looking again at photographs behind the glass. But the loiterer was a lad of sixteen and the photographs were those of the white-sailed beauties of a generation ago.

Very goodly to behold were those queens of ocean, the tea-clippers and Australian packets of a bygone day. Perhaps in their photographs, taken mostly from official portraits painted for the owners, they showed a little stiff and a little too majestic, as happens, indeed, in the case of other "exalted personages." The set and draw of each sail was, it may be, too ideally exact, the lines of the hull refined away a little so as to give a yacht-like impression—little improvements upon fact like those which soften the eyes and lengthen the limbs of a fair sitter and enlarge the popularity of the painter. Still, after making all allowances, these clippers were perhaps the most beautiful mechanisms ever wrought by the hand of man, and approached most nearly to the grace and flexuous symmetry of living creatures. For in a sailing vessel there dwells a personality—one might almost say, a soul—so that each has her individual caprices and behaviours and, if the tales they tell are true, her influence upon the destinies of those on board her. Sometimes I think the entity which seeks expression in her lines that flow and disappear with the curves of living water and her white-bosomed sails aloft among the azure and the winds, may be a spirit, daughter of the Air and Ocean, incorporate in the ship as a dryad in her tree.

So musing, I entered the shop and asked half-shamefacedly whether they had any photographs or prints of the old Australian packets that used to sail out of London under the house-flag of Money Wigram and Devitt and Moore. The man looked at me in surprise, and I began to feel like Rip van Winkle when he returned to his native village. However, after much rummaging, he discovered a portfolio

containing a few portraits of vessels whose passages were once renowned from London River to the uttermost parts of the sea. Poor lingering wraiths from a vanished era, perhaps they were beholding the daylight for the last time ere some Last Day of Stock-taking condemn them to the limbo of "oddments" to be got rid of.

But nowhere was there any trace of the good barque "Lincolnshire," my first ship, nor of the "City of Adelaide" or "St. Vincent," whose acquaintance I made subsequently. Aye, even of the show-ships that used to be so thronged on a Sunday afternoon alongside Sandridge Pier, such as the "Sobraon," the "Paramatta," and their peers, "no memory, no memorial." Rather sadly I closed the portfolio, and thanking the civil people for their unprofitable courtesy, I left the shop, reflecting that with ships as with men a like event happeneth to all. The great fleet had vanished and left no wrack behind, and they that went down unto the sea in them?—It was five and thirty years since the time when I first looked into that shop-window.

Slowly there gathered upon the screen of memory the living-picture of that far off September afternoon. I was standing in all the pride of badge cap and brass-bound uniform outside the same window, trying to make up my mind whether to go in and buy a sextant or not. Such is my first distinct recollection of that, to me, epoch-making day when I was to join the "Lincolnshire" for my first voyage. Finally, I took the plunge and bought a sextant—curiously enough, it is still with me, the only relic of that period of my life—a Norie's Navigation, a chart of the world, a nautical almanac, and one or two other things. Then, rather like a child with his new toys, I carried off my purchases to Messrs. —, the Naval Outfitters, in Gracechurch Street.

"Messrs. —," or rather "Mr." Brown, as we will name him, was at that time an important personage in my small ambit of life. A somewhat pottle-bellied man with mutton-chop whiskers beginning to turn grey and a rather Brer Fox expression of good-fellowship. His manner usually was compounded of a sort of bluff "What-cheer-my-hearty? ness" and the shrewd acquisitiveness of the business man whose trade, as he once observed, was a difficult one. On the whole, I cherish not unkindly recollections of Mr. Brown. His charges were high, but he did not send one forth to round the Horn in clothes made of dog's wool and oakum and a pair of paste-board boots. His little shop was the alpha and omega of every voyage, the "point of depar-

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ture," to use a nautical term, and our first land-fall when clear of the docks at the end. Thither we repaired to dump our sea-chests and what remained of our sea-worn kits—little enough as a rule, for the Deal boatmen used to board us in the Downs and buy our sea-boots and oilskins for loaves of soft-tack and lumps of fresh butter. Moreover, those of the young gentlemen whose family credit was sound could obtain a "sub" of a sovereign or two pending the arrival of the paternal remittance. Mr. Brown's manner on these occasions was that of the heavy Uncle, benedictory and—well, "fruity" is the nearest description I can find for it. One felt it a privilege to order shirts from such a man, and a duty to pay for them—eventually. Long years afterwards I met Mr. Brown at a big City Dinner, a little more protuberant at the equator and inclined to spindleness in the leg, and the mutton-chop whiskers were nearly white; but otherwise he seemed the Mr. Brown of my youth. I made myself known to him, and rather to my surprise he showed no pleasure at the meeting. Perhaps he was vexed at encountering in that august assembly one who had known him in days when he was in the retail trade—he who now no doubt "had been something in the City," and was enjoying the fruits of the "whole-sale" operations in some snug villa out Ealing way or Sydenham. I fear I must have risen like Banquo's ghost to mar that gorgeous banquet. But I shall never find out the truth.

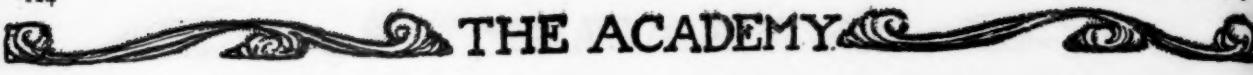
Well, to resume my wandering narrative. The hour had come to ship myself and my "dunnage" on the noble vessel which awaited me in, I think, the Millwall Docks. My bedding had been sent down already, so all that remained to do was to hoist my massive sea-chest on to the upper deck of a "growler," whose driver, by the way, showed small enthusiasm for his fare, and with a farewell from Mr. Brown in his best "Nancy Lee" style, at the shop door, my rumbling chariot bore away due East, and the days of my wandering were begun.

Of all the dreary drives there is none within my experience so depressing as this. With each revolution of the wheels the deadly soulless squalor seems to spread and deepen until the grimy labyrinth becomes a nightmare in its plenitude of repulsiveness. As we plunged deeper and deeper into this underworld, I realised with paralysing conviction that this welter of woeful industrialism would henceforth be my ghetto, since, except for brief and occasional leave, an officer has to remain by his ship in port. And, however far and wide I might wander across

the world, this condition would vary little. The Docks and quays seem to act as magnets for attracting the riff-raff of the nations; and their habitations are to match—at least this holds good in the great ports. Everywhere you find the grim prison-like warehouses and forbidding stretches of blank wall, the sinister fetid lanes, the swarming poverty, the terrible faces mutilated by vice and disease.

Looking back at it all, I can well understand poor Ernest Dowson's subsidence into the lower depths until they grew to be his congenial environment, for he lived in an old tumble-down house in Dockland—a fatal inheritance for him. The contrast between such surroundings and the world of civilised life is so enormous and so poignant as to compel most natures either to break loose for good and all from Sheol or else become naturalised, as it were, and renounce their allegiance to the gods of respectability and the things which make life worth living to most of us, intellectual interests, art, and the amenities of existence among people on a plane of being above the mere wallowing scuffle for trough and sty. Ah, many a time has the iron entered into my soul when, after an evening spent in pleasant rooms among soft voices and smiling faces and flowers and shaded lights and music, I have returned aboard my ship. There she lay in the pitiless cold glare of the arc lamps, rearing her black unladen hull high above the cargo-crowded quay. The giant cranes still plied their endless task as when I left her six hours before, and still the same hoarse cries and noises, and the same sense of dreary endless drudgery. It was well for me that, unlike Dowson, I never felt the lure of drink, or in the end his fate might have been mine. As it was, I endured my captivity for some years, and then, taking the future in both hands, I left the sea for ever.

The dull autumn afternoon was closing in when my cab drove through the dock gates and on to the wharf where the "Lincolnshire" was lying. After some financial argument with the cabman, myself and chattels found our way on board and into the midshipmen's berth. This was a deck-house in the waist, about twelve or fourteen feet square, fitted with eight bunks, four at each end, and on each side was a sliding door. There was a small deal-table standing in the middle, and nothing else in the way of furniture or conveniences. A strong smell of fresh paint was over all, and anything more utterly comfortless and uninviting it would be hard to imagine. There was no sign of my messmates, except some bundles of bedding sent on board, like



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mine, from the outfitters; so I went to find an officer and report myself. This I did, and the result was disconcerting. "Sail with to-morrow morning's tide, you young fool? Does she bloody well look like it? You'd better clear out ashore and come on board this time to-morrow. You'll have enough of the blasted old hooker before you've done with her!!" So spake the third mate, and left me to my own devices.

She certainly did not "look like it." Her decks were littered with all sorts of gear, running rigging got up for reeving, sails for bending, blocks and tackles for overhauling, and tarpaulins, mats, and fenders were in profusion. Caulkers were at work on the poop deck, hammering the oakum into the seams and trickling black ribbons of tar out of their iron ladles along them; cargo was coming in down the main-hatch and ship's stores down the after-hatch. It looked like a week's work to get her ready for sea. Evidently I was not wanted, but where to go or what to do was another question. I was utterly alone and a stranger in London, and though I might have perhaps sought counsel from the avuncular Mr. Brown, a sort of pride deterred me from undoing that final and pontifical valediction. So being at my wit's end, I turned to a man repairing a wheel-grating at the carpenter's bench, and asked him what I had better do. He looked me up and down, spat with deliberation, and said if I liked to come along with him he would give me a bed for the night. I jumped at the offer.

Accordingly, when six o'clock came round, "Chips" and his guest came ashore and fetched up, after an interminable walk through a maze of mean streets, at his abode. There my advent was explained to Mrs. Chips, who made me kindly welcome, and we all sat down to supper. Being dog-tired and made torpid besides with a glass of beer, to which I was unaccustomed, I fell asleep almost before getting into a bed, which was clean and comfortable enough. It was broad daylight, when snores like the noise of sawing wood awoke me. There beside me lay the teak coloured face of Chips, goatee and all. At breakfast it appeared that my benefactor had not gone to bed like myself, but had made a night of it, and to postpone the inevitable hour of reckoning had slipped quietly into my room instead of repairing to the nuptial chamber. Mrs. Chips cross-examined me as to when her lord had come in and whether he had been "drinking shameful," concerning which matter I professed, with truth, utter ignorance. She thought I was lying and did not conceal

her opinion, and to my disgust the peccant Chips thought so too, and hailed me as a smart youngster for standing up to the "old woman." I was not sorry to get out of the house.

How that day wore through I do not well remember. My brother midshipmen appeared one by one in the course of it, and went ashore again. They had friends or at all events haunts in London, but I might have been deposited in a cemetery for all the intercourse possible to me with the world I had left behind. At last night came, and unrolling my bedding in the bunk which no one else would have and therefore mine as a first voyager, I turned in and slept the sleep of my sixteen years. Soon, however, a feeling of general uneasiness aroused me, then I felt a stab, quickly followed by another and another. A light revealed the cause of my misfortunes; it was bugs. In myriads they swarmed out of the cracks between the old planking of the deck house and the woodwork of the bunk, famished with their long fast and avid for their clean and juicy prey—and I was the only victim within reach. I gave them best, and sat up the rest of the night, catching and scratching, and pondering upon the "beauty and mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea."

And yet, so strangely are we fashioned, that the old life seems to call me at times, and the old lure beckons. The docks and their crapulous purlieus loom sombrely picturesque as the Thames-side scenes in Whistler's etchings; and the ships I knew, even the populous "Lincolnshire," shine white and luminous as pearls strung on the horizon-line of memory.

JOHN GURDON.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dreams and Realities. By William K. Fleming. (Erskine MacDonald.)
Masks and Poems. By Edmund Casson. (Erskine MacDonald.)
The Marriage of Music. By Annie C. Dalton. (Erskine MacDonald.)
The Little Books of Georgian Verse. (Erskine MacDonald.) 1s. each.
Poems. By Lieut. C. A. Macartney.
The Fields of Heaven. By Nora Tynan O'Mahony.
Heather Ways. By Hylda C. Cole.
Manx Song and Maiden Song. By Mona Douglas.
New Cosmopolis. A Book of Images. By James Huneker. (Werner Laurie.)

FICTION.

The Freeland. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.) 6s.
The Gates of Sorrow. By Marie C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock.) 6s.
Afterwards. By Kathlyn Rhodes. (Hutchinson.) 6s.
The Fatal Garland. By Mrs. Ghosal. (Werner Laurie.) 6s.
Much Ado about Nothing. By "A Popular Novelist" (Stanley Paul.) 6s.
The Nabob. By Alphonse Daudet. (The Lotus Library: Stanley Paul.) 1s. 6d.

We shall be obliged if publishers will kindly note our new address:
 8 & 9 St. James's Market, Jermyn Street, S.W.

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REVIEWS.

GOOD JOURNALISM.

New Cosmopolis. A Book of Images. By JAMES HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie.) 5/- net.

There are two kinds of literary Americans in the world—those who write as they speak, and those who do their best, frequently with considerable success, to write passable English. Mr. James Huneker belongs fortunately to the latter category. A man who can begin a book with words like the following speaks for himself, as it were. "All my life I have longed to write a preface. Not such tinkling evasions as forewords or introductions, but a full-fledged preface which would render quite superfluous what follows it. Consider the case of Mr. Shaw. His prefaces are such witty masterpieces that they make negligible his plays. But I have never cultivated courage enough to take the first dive into chilly type. Either I have squarely dodged the solemn undertaking or compromised with a *coda*; in one instance I actually fabricated a preface for *Egoists* (a book that had been printed some years) and placed it in a later one." And so on and so forth. So that in approaching Mr. Huneker—who, let it also be noted, is plain James, and not James B., James C., or James D., in the irritating American fashion—the intelligent English reader need have nothing in the way of qualms as to trading with the enemies of the King's English. We do not desire to suggest that our author is a profound or inspired writer, and though perhaps he does not exactly lay himself out for the pure purposes of entertainment, being indeed somewhat of a human and tender person with the human and tender person's eye and anxiety for the improvement of the world, he does one way or another entertain us. The sub-title of the present volume—namely, "A Book of Images"—appears to us to be a little wide of the mark. In any case, Mr. Huneker is not so much concerned with what are called images by preciously inclined writers as with what we may term the hard and ironic, or, it may be, the pleasant or unpleasant facts of life. In other words, he is a transcriber rather than a creative visualiser. He writes off the solid, as it were, and if he has occasional glimmerings of those fourth, fifth, and possibly sixth dimensions which are familiar to poets and idealists, it is only by accident, and never by intention. It would be unkind to Mr. Huneker to describe him as a journalist, knowing as we do the squalid depths to which journalism

not only in America but in this country has descended. But we will say "journalist" of Mr. Huneker because he appears to us to be precisely the kind of writer a decent journalist ought to be. The whole gist of *New Cosmopolis* may be said to lie in the fact that the author has been about the world and seen it with an eye to legitimate, informing, and reasonably edifying copy. His descriptions of what he saw in Prague and Vienna, in Holland, Spain, and what used to be Belgium have that quality of ambling discursiveness and picturesqueness which will please the peruser and delighter in reasonable and well-mannered descriptions. What interests us more, however, is Mr. Huneker on various parts of his own native city—namely and to wit, that wonderful place known at the Hotel Cecil at Noo York. Just as, in the American view, the United States constitutes "God's own country," so in the American view New York has been commonly held up to us as God's own city. The New Yorker spreading himself for the information of poor old London has a knack of suggesting that his city has walls of jasper and pavements of ivory, and that though the people there may hustle, they manage nevertheless to go about in solemn troops and sweet societies like some of the people in Milton. To listen to these boosters is to be reminded always of a poem which begins, "I hear thee speak of a Better Land." But Mr. Huneker knows better. He has looked at New York for and on behalf of the New Yorkers at home, and as he writes English we on this side are privileged to be let into the secret. Hell was once described as a city much like London, and we gather from Mr. Huneker—though, by the way, he is no Shelley—that New York also happens to be a city much like London, inasmuch as it has its fair places and its foul, and that they are considerably intermixed. But we have never read a more convincing account of New York as she really ought to be and as one's intuition tells us she must be, than Mr. Huneker hereby gives us. It would be unfair to quote from *New Cosmopolis*, because Mr. Huneker's descriptions are so competently constructed and so well knit that odd passages taken from their context would not do him justice. We can send the reader who loves a good book to Mr. Huneker with the greatest confidence. He is much more entertaining than the average novelist, he conceals the fact of his Americanism under the most commendable guises, and, more than all, he is neither a fool nor a bore.

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THREE NEW WAR BOOKS.

Italy and the Unholy Alliance. By W. O. PITT. (Melrose.) 2s. 6d. net.

We are informed on the dust cover of this book that it is "a history of Italy during the last hundred years written by a competent, sympathetic hand and thoroughly modern." Also, "the book shows in effect that the present is Italy's long desired opportunity, and offers a convincing vindication of her policy since August, 1914, up to the time when she took her inevitable place among the Allies." We take it that this is good enough for the publisher and consequently it might be good enough for us. We must say, however, that whether Mr. Pitt's hand be sympathetic or otherwise, his heart is certainly in the right place so far as Italy is concerned. Broadly speaking, though he puts on occasional airs of criticism he can see no fault in her—probably there is none which ought to be seen just now—and if nobody else is pleased with the book it is certain that the friends of Italy will be pleased. It goes without saying that the work is a trifle sketchy, for example the chapter on Garibaldi occupies only twelve pages; but Mr. Pitt has the gift of compression and he has certainly got the broad facts into his pages. The chapter, Why Italy went to War, has the same defect of brevity, but we should not like to say that the whole of the reasons are not there explicitly and effectively stated. In these hurried times the general reader would probably not be grateful for more and it is to the general reader that we recommend the book.

Some Aspects of the War. By S. PÉREZ TRIANA. (Fisher, Unwin.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Pérez Triana is described on his title-page as "formerly of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague." We conclude therefore that he is a gentleman possessed of a proper regard for peace and quietness and that in spite of his occupation as a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague being a matter of "formerly" he would still prefer arbitration to war and discussion to blood-letting. For which preference, of course, we should be the last to blame him. But in reading Mr. Triana's really excellent volume we must confess that we have been agreeably disconcerted to discover that he really is a good fighter, and, as it seems to us, would probably be a better hand at a hefty set-to than at an arbitration. This is not by any means to discount Mr. Triana even though he does head one of his chapters, "Lying Lips and Murderous Hands," and another one "Molten Lead." He is apparently a Spanish-American by birth, and there is no reason in the world why he should not be a Spanish-American by temperament. It is sufficient for us that like all other reasonable beings he has ceased to love the Germans, and probably never loved them at all. There is a great deal of useful, convincing argument in this book, and much information which we do not remember to have seen previously set forth. The chapter on Songs of War is particularly good to read, and there is a chapter on Germanism in America which also has exceptional interest. Altogether a

book which people who cannot do without war literature will find entirely to their taste.

The War and After. By SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S. (Methuen.) 1s. net.

Sir Oliver Lodge reminds us of Hamlet in the sense that he is very full of quotations. He describes *The War and After* "short chapters on subjects of serious practical import for the average citizen in A.D. 1915 onwards." We do not know whether Sir Oliver's "onwards" is a reaching after immortality, but we do sincerely hope that several of these short chapters will have ceased to be of import to the average citizen anyway inside the next quarter of a century. Sir Oliver Lodge has a lively way with him. He begins *The War and After* in what he no doubt considers to be the best Socratic manner.

Why is the world so horrified at the outburst of savagery which has now occurred? Because it is a blasphemous prostitution of high gifts and the dragging in the mire of a noble Past. The old Germany was full of attraction for thoughtful Englishmen. It had much that was consoling amid the welter of trade and politics and business and sport which seemed to saturate the British atmosphere. The peacefully social and calmly learned surroundings of Germany were restful, and it could really be regarded as a spiritual home.

The impolite might be excused if after reading this startling passage they were to ejaculate simply, "What rot!" We have had quite enough of this kind of twaddle from Lord Haldane, and when Sir Oliver Lodge joins in the chorus he certainly does not improve matters. These are not the reasons that the world is so horrified at the outburst of savagery which has now occurred. Germany in the lump has no noble past, quite the contrary. She has had the mark of the beast on her from the cradle upwards, and the left-handed ablutions of Lord Haldane and Sir Oliver Lodge will not clean it off. We are reminded by these two gentlemen of a little bit of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Here it is:—

They had them also to a place where they saw one Fool, and one Want-wit, washing of an Ethiopian with intention to make him white; but the more they washed him the blacker he was.

We do not desire to convey the impression that Sir Oliver Lodge is what is known as a pro-German. It is evident from this booklet of his that his sympathies are where they ought to be, and that he has as great a horror and abhorrence of the present savagery as any man. But he is one of those persons who have not learnt that there are occasions upon which it is necessary for us absolutely to forget, ignore, and even deny the soul of goodness in things evil. This kind of palterer, on being approached by a raving maniac armed with hatchets, would say, "Dear, dear, what a pity—and he played the flute so nicely!" We say that the present is not the time for either Sir Oliver Lodge or anybody else to be writing chapters headed up, "The Great Age of German Philosophy," "Love your Enemies," and so forth. We will talk about the great age of German Philosophy when the war is over, and we will love our enemies when we have given the Germans the thrashing which it is the duty of humanity to bestow upon them.

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